

The Tragedie

Loe here this long vsurped royalties
From the dead temples of this bloodie wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it, and make much of it.

Rich. Great God of heauen say Amen to all.
But tell me, is young George Stanley liuing?

Dar. He is my Lord, and safe in Lester Towne;
Whither if it please you, we may now withdraw vs.

Rich. What men of name are slaine on either side?

*Iohn Duke of Norfolk, Water Lord Ferris, sir Rob. re
Brokenbury, & sir William Brandon.*

Rich. Enter their bodies, as become their births,
Proclaime a pardon to the souldiers fled,
That in submission will returne to vs,
And then as we haue rane the Sacrament,
We will vnite the white rose and the red.
Smile heauen vpon this faire coniunction,
That long haue frownd vpon their enmitie,
What traitor heares me, and sayes not Amen?
England hath long bene madde, and scard her selfe,
The brother blindly shed the brothers blood,
The father rashly slaughtered his owne sonne,
The sonne compeld, bene butcher to the fire,
All this diuided Yorke and Lancaster,
Diuided in their dire diuision.

O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeders of each royall house,
By Gods faire ordinance conioyne together,
And let thy heires (God if they will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faste peace,
With smiling plentie, and faire prosperous dayes.
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloodie daies againe,
And make poore England weepe in streames of blood,
Let them not liue to taste this lands encrease,
That would with treason wound this faire lands peace.
Now ciuill wounds are stopt, peace liues againe,
That she may long liue heare, God say Amen.

FINIS.



Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester, solus.

NOW is the winter of ^{all} discontent,
Made glorious sommer by this sonne of Yorke;
And all the cloudes that lowrd vpon our house
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried,
Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
Our brused armes hung vp for monuments,
Our sterne alarums changed to merrie meetings,
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull pleasures.
Grim-visagde warre, hath smoothde his wrinkled front,
And now in stead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the soules of fearefull aduerfaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies chamber,
To the lasciuious pleasing of a loue.
But I that am not shappt for sportiue trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous looking glasse,
I that am rudely stampd, and want loues maiestie
To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph,
I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformd, vnfinisht, sent before my time
Into this breathing world halfe made vp,
And that so lamely and vnfashionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt by them:
Why I in this weake piping time of peace
Haue no delight to passe away the time,
Vnlesse to spie my shadow in the Sunne,
And descant on mine owne deformitie:
And therefore since I cannot proue a louer
To entertaine these faire well spoken daies,
I am determin'd to proue a villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these daies
Plots haue I laid, inductions dangerous,

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